IN SHADOW-LAND.

The pennon at his prow to float
No breeze along the islet sweeps;
But round and round the swaying boat
The indolent, slow eddy creeps.
If yester eve or yester-year
He drifted on this idle strand
Who knows? Time has no measure here
In Shadow-Land.

For one perpetual season flowers,
And knows no change of sun or moon
To mark the never-varying hours
From dawn to dusk, from night to noon;
Nor song of bird, nor breath of rose,
But still and far, on either hand,
The lily blows, the water flows,
In Shadow-Land.

That soft, unceasing ripple rocks
The keel that with it seems to glide,
And to his dreaming fancy mocks
The motion of an onward tide.
Dim shapes his half-shut eyelids fill,
He hears the wave wash on the sand,
Nor guesses that he lingers still
In Shadow-Land.

Awake, O dallier with a dream
That only in thy fancy dwells!
Push out into the open stream
Beyond these poisoned honey-bells!
Let the strong wind asunder rift
The drowsy fragrance round thee fanned,
Or perish of its deadly drift
In Shadow-Land!

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in Independent.

DAN'S DISCONTENT.

BY S. A. WEISS.

"I don't know what's come over Dan," said Mrs. Dawson, as she placed the steaming coffee-pot on the Sunday breakfast-table. "He was always the brightest and best-tempered of my children, and now he's that downhearted and discontented that I skeercely know him. He hain't seemed to take any interest in his work lately, and now's talking about goin' to sea, or 'listing in the army.

"I don't know what we'd do without Dan'l," added the mother, with tears in her eyes, "and Teddy wanting to stay a year longer at the 'Cademy school."

"If Dan wants to go, mother," said Maria, a bright-looking girl of twenty, "why, let him go. He's got no cause to be discontented, and I believe he don't know himself what he wants. Let him go, and my word for it, in six months he'll be glad to get back and have a fatted turkey killed for him, since we don't raise calves."

And Maria laughed, as she went to call Dan to breakfast.

Dan, meantime, was leaning over the front gate, gazing absently down the road toward the village.

He looked listless and moody, and yet he was a young man in the prime of health, with a comfortable home and kind relations. He did not know why he should feel so restless and dissatisfied, and as he stood there, chewing a straw, he turned round, facing the house, and, with his hands in his pockets, looked moodily about him.

There stood the cosy, little brown house, with its deep vine-shaded porch; there was the well of delicious cool water, under the big elm tree, and the row of bee-hives by the garden fence, and the little orchard in the rear.

A pleasant picture it made to the eye of the passers-by, and it had always seemed pleasant to Dan until this unaccountable mood of discontent had come over him, and made him restless and unhappy.

He tried to persuade himself that his present life was not the right kind for him, and that he could do better out in the world.

If it wasn't for his mother being opposed to it, he said to himself, and Teddy away at school, he would have gone long ago.

And just here it was that Maria raised the window and called:

"Dan, breakfast ready!"

Her light, careless tone irritated him. She knew that he was not in d spirits, and yet never seemed to e any sympathy with him.

So he took no notice of the summons, and presently she called again:

"Dan, are you coming, or must other and I keep the breakfast warm d wait for you?"

"Bother!" he muttered, in reply.

Yet he walked slowly to the house, and when his mother had said grace, took his place at the foot of the little table.

"You don't seem to relish your breakfast, Dan," Mrs. Dawson said. thought you'd like the fresh eggs ew potatoes, and the cakes you're of."

good breakfast, mother, but ot much of an appetite."

ou well, Dan!" she in- sly.

'arly, mother, I think. ll-gonish sort of feel- ness and faintness, escribe it, but it strength and inking that sort of a

Dan.

ness in your life, and you look stout and strong enough to knock down an ox. I guess It's only that you're in love with somebody—Matilda Price, maybe, or Sophy Howells. Which is it, Dan?"

Dan received this suggestion with supreme contempt. He made a boast of having never been in love, and though the girls mentioned by his sister were the belles of the neighborhood, and had each tried the power of her charms upon him, he had remained obdurately indifferent toward them.

Matilda, he said, was bold and loud, and Sophia vain and affected, and it would take a very nice girl indeed to get him in love.

"It's 'most time to get ready for church, ain't it, Dan?" said Martha, glancing at the clock on the chimney shelf. "Matilda 'll have on her new bonnet to-day. I tell you she'll be worth looking at."

"Stuff! I'm not going to church."

"Why, Dan'el!" said his mother, reproachfully.

"What's the use, mother? Just to see old Deacon Ball asleep, and hear Miss Beckey Jones screeching the hymn out of tune, and listen to Parson Tanner's tiresome—"

"Dan'el!" interrupted his mother, severely.

"Well, mother, I'm tired of it all. I believe I'll go over to Radway and see Bill Brewster. He's going on a voyage next week—bound for the West Indies—and wants me join him. But I haven't made up my mind yet about the army-recruiting business that the boys are so crazy about. Ben Howells says he'll enlist if I will."

"Oh, Dan'el!" said his mother, tears starting to her eyes.

Dan was very fond of his mother, and it went to his heart to see her in tears.

"I don't say that I'll go mother, so long as you oppose it. But I wish you'd consent."

"Do let him go, mother!" said Maria, sharply. "It will likely do him good."

It was late that evening when Dan, who had spent the day at Radway, came home to supper. He noticed that the parlor windows were lighted; but that was always the case on Sunday, when Maria's beaux were calling on her.

As he stepped into the kitchen entry he was greeted with a savory odor of pies and cake, and saw that the table was nicely set with the best moss rose-bud tea set. Maria, who had heard his step, came to meet him.

"Oh, Dan, I wanted to tell you! We've got company arrived—mother's cousin Lydia and her daughter Dora. They've been visiting Uncle Erasmus, in Huttonville; and to-day he's brought them over to spend some days with us. I hope they'll stay longer, for they're such pleasant people! Step up stairs and brush yourself up, for supper'll be ready in a minute."

"Bother! I won't go in to supper. They needn't know that I'm here."

"Now, Dan, I wouldn't be doing anything more to vex mother. She's worried enough about you already; and I've left her in the parlor with Cousin Lydia to talk over old times; and Dora's helping me to get supper. She's the nicest girl!"

Maria disappeared; and Dan, as he stood hesitating, had a view into the neat kitchen.

There he saw a slender and very pretty girl, with dark eyes and hair, arranging the cups and saucers, and he noticed how daintily she handled them, and how light and graceful her motions were! And also her sweet voice, as she laughingly replied to some remark of Maria! It struck him that he had never before seen the kitchen look so bright and cheerful.

He stole up stairs, and carefully brushed his hair and put on a more becoming tie. Then he came down and was introduced to Dora.

She stepped forward with a smile and gave him her hand, and as Dan met the clear, frank eyes, it seemed to him that a sort of sunshine stole into his heart, partially dispelling its gloom.

And as he sat and looked at and listened to her, his face gradually softened and assumed a cheerfulness which it had not worn for many a day.

He did not go out after supper, although he had half promised Ben Howells to have a talk with him about that enlisting business. And next day he hung around the house on some pretense or other, getting little glimpses of and brief chats with Dora.

Maria saw it, but prudently said nothing—only managing to throw them together as much as possible.

"Dan," she said, next day, pretending to be in a great hurry, "can you spare time to help Dora shell those peas? I'm so busy, and the peas must be on the fire in ten minutes to be in time for dinner."

So Dan sat down, and while shelling the peas, watched Dora's deft fingers as they split the crisp pods and dropped the little, shining green balls into the bowl.

"I guess you're not used to work much," he said, noticing how white the hands were.

"Aint I?" she said, laughingly. "Just ask mother about that. I do most of the work at home—help to cook and clean, and I sew, and find time to play on the piano."

"Do you?" said Dan, who was very fond of music. "I wish that Maria had a piano, but she never cared to learn to play."

"You will make a nice wife for somebody, Dora, with all those accomplishments," Maria said.

Dan glanced up, with a sudden twinge of jealousy. He wondered if she were engaged; nor did he feel entirely at his ease until he had learned from Cousin Lydia herself that, though Dora had plenty of beaux, she had never shown a preference for any any one in particular.

"Cousin Dan," said Dora, as the two sat on the front porch in the twilight, "they tell me that you are thinking of going to sea or enlisting for a soldier?"

"Well," he answered, a little sheepishly, "I hadn't made up my mind about it."

"'Twould be a pity to leave your mother, wouldn't it? She would miss you so!"

He felt half mortified that he should appear to her so heartless.

"I don't know that I was really in earnest about going. I felt somehow restless and dissatisfied, and did not know exactly what I wanted. I guess I needed a change of some sort. But I'm getting over it now."

"I hope you are. I don't see how you could wish to leave this pleasant home for the hard life of a sailor or soldier."

"Do you think it pleasant?" he asked, with a sudden light of interest in his eyes.

"I think it one of the sweetest homes I have ever seen," she answered, frankly.

And then there was a moment's silence.

"Dora," said Dan, slowly, "if you think I'd better not go, I won't."

And then he blushed at his own boldness, and strangely enough, Dora blushed, too.

A day or two after, Mrs. Dawson said to her son:

"Dan'el, my son, you were talking about wanting a tonic, and I've spoken to the minister's wife concerning you. She says you're needing quinine and calomel, or gentian."

"Oh, never mind, mother! I guess I won't need it now. I'm feeling so much better."

"But, my son, how about that feeling of emptiness and all-goneness, and not takin' an interest in anything—"

"Oh," interrupted Dan, hastily, "I think I'm getting over it! Don't worry about me, mother, I was just out o' sorts, and didn't know what I wanted—that's all."

And as he hastily left the room, Maria laughed.

"I guess, mother, Dan's all right now. He's discovered what it was he wanted, and I think he's found it."

"Why, whatever do you mean, child?"

"I mean that he has found all he wanted in Dora. Why, can't you see it yourself, mother? Depend upon it, Dan will never be discontented any more or wanting to go away from home. Why, just look at them in the garden there—how happy they both are!"

And as the mother carefully adjusted her spectacles and viewed the unsuspecting lovers, a mist dimmed the glasses, and she murmured:

"God bless 'em!"—Saturday Night.

Paint Used by Indians.

Much speculation has been indulged in by theoretical writers regarding the source of paints and the means by which they were originally discovered. As in all theoretical explanations of simple matters, the plain facts have been overlooked and complicated explanations have been entered into. The earliest record of paint used by the Indians tells of a mixture of blood with charcoal.

From this it was an easy step to the ferruginous clays which produce yellows, browns and reds. Red chalk and red and yellow ochre are to be found over wide areas and are easy of access. Black micaceous iron, of graphitelike consistency, is to be found in many parts of the mountains, while the blue carbonates of iron and copper furnish many hues. Green fungus growth are sometimes used, mixed with the white infusorial or chalky earths to make shades of green tinging into pure white. The sulphuret of mercury to be found about the mineral springs, especially the hot ones, forms an abundant supply of paint, while the juice of the choke cherry makes a beautiful red. In the Dakotas many colors are produced from the use of plant juices mixed with earth.

Since the advent of traders among the Indians native paints have been almost entirely supplanted by those sold in the stores. There are still some of the isolated tribes that use their own paints, but these are becoming more rare with each succeeding year. Today the paint bag, which formerly carried a bit of red chalk or black graphitic iron, contains a bit of manufactured ochre, or prepared lamp black, for which probably a hundred times its value has been paid by the man who formerly obtained it through almost a minimum of labor.—Globe-Democrat.

"That young widow Flison is quite a dashing creature, don't you think?" "I guess you are right. She dashed my hopes most effectually when I asked her to marry me."—Indianapolis Journal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Dust is responsible for many explosions in coal mines.

Granite is the bed rock of the world, being the lowest on the earth's crust.

Dynamo machines were in 1878 ordered by the British Government for the Lizard light.

The planet Neptune has the longest year, consisting of more than sixty thousand of our days.

The young of the polype grow from the body of the parent like buds, and when almost grown are separated by a sudden jerk.

Two Scotch scientists have figured out that power equal to 145 horses would be required to propel a whale through the water at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

Professor Dolbear says a powerful searchlight could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

A current of electricity does not always kill when it appears to do so. It simply produces an appearance of death, from which the subject may in many cases be restored by artificial respiration.

In water in which decaying vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers little animals so minute that ten thousand of them would not exceed in bulk a grain mustard. Yet these creatures are supplied with organs as complicated as those of a whale.

It is believed that whales often attain the age of four hundred years. The number of years these huge creatures have lived is ascertained by counting the layers of liminæ forming the horny substance known as "whalebone." These laminæ increase yearly, just as the "growths" do on a tree.

The prevalence of crimson colors in certain fishes on the New England coast on portions of which scarlet and crimson seaweeds abound, is explained by Professor J. Brown Goode by the red pigment derived by the crustaceans from the seaweeds they devour, and which in turn form the food of the fishes.

A Tacoma (Wash.) man, George R. Cowls, is said to be the inventor of a process for making illuminating gas out of wood. From one cord of wood he gets gas and products worth $48, so it is claimed. If this be true, then Washington State can use up all its long tree stumps in the manufacture of gas and get so much clear gain out of them.

The thinnest part of a soap bubble is where the black, or rather gray, tint appears just before it breaks. This thickness has been calculated by the laws of optics to be less than one-one hundred and fifty-six thousandth of an inch. From this minute amount the thickness of the bubble may increase up to quite a perceptible quantity.

Bricks are now being burnt by electricity. This promises to revolutionize the industry by greatly reducing the labor and cost. The kiln-drying process is entirely dispensed with. The wet clay is put into a sort of covered iron mold, which holds about 1000 bricks, and a strong current of electricity is then turned on, and in a very short time the bricks are dried and burnt and all ready to be turned out for sale.

The Humming Bird at Home.

While spending the winter in California, writes Frank Ford, in the Magazine of Natural Science, I made my first acquaintance with Madam Hummingbird "at home." In the first place the location could not have been improved on. Just picture in your mind a lawn dotted with orange, lemon, fig and palm trees, with here and there a giant century plant, or bunch of pampas grass, and no end of flowers. While a cypress hedge, overshadowed by stately eucalyptus and pepper trees, separated the lawn from the street. One day while gathering oranges, I was startled by the rapid and angry darting of a humming bird near my face, which led me to look closely in that part of the tree, which resulted after a little search in the discovery of my first humming bird's nest. It was placed on a twig not as large as a lead pencil, on one of the lower limbs of the orange tree, and it was so covered with lichens the same color as the bark of the tree that it was difficult to find it again even after I knew about where it was. The nest is about the size of the burr oak acorn cup, built almost entirely of the feathery plumes of the pampas grass, covered with green lichens, and all held together, and to the limb, with something greatly resembling spider web. Within this "marvel of construction" were two semi-transparent eggs, almost too small to describe, and my efforts to use the blowpipe on them blew them all to smithereens.

Before taking the nest, I visited Madam Hummingbird several times, and nearly always found her at home. She never left the nest but a few minutes at a time.

The jealousy of physicians is remarkable. No sooner does one of them discover a disease than half-a-dozen more concentrate all their energies upon its suppression.—Puck.

A MODERN LYRIC.

If you could only always know,
When the door-bell rings,
Just who it is that stands below,
Making the door-bell jingle so,
Quite frequently you wouldn't go
When the door-bell rings.

It isn't sure to be a friend,
When the door-bell rings;—
It may be "Umbrellas to mend?"—
Or some one with fine shoes to vend,
Whose flow of language has no end,
When the door-bell rings.

It's always at your busiest time,
When the door-bell rings.
Your hands may be are black with grime,
In such a case your language I'm
Quite sure I'd never put in rhyme,
When the door-bell rings.

But to the door you always go,
When the door-bell rings.
You see, you're curious to know
Just who is on the portico,
And so outsiders get a show
When the door-bell rings.

—Somerville Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cut rates—Surgeons' fees.—Truth.

The good hackman is known by his carriage.—Florida Times-Union.

A kiss is a song that should always be encored.—Florida Times-Union.

Ringing a belle—Putting a nose ornament on a Kafir woman.—Hallo.

The pawnbroker never gets so old that he takes no interest in life.—Boston Transcript.

Some people do not recognize their obligations when they meet them.—Galveston News.

No, my son; a doctor doesn't know everything; but he thinks you think he does.—Punch.

People who think before they speak always manage to economize on talk.—Washington Post.

When some people want counsel they proceed to consult their own interests.—Galveston News.

Motto for the Shopping Fiend: "If you see what you want, price a dozen other things before asking for it."—Puck.

A man breathes, on an average, ten thousand quarts of air a day—and talks about 1,000,000.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The woman who can pass a mirror without looking into it has the heroism of which martyrs are made.—Florida Times-Union.

A local dealer advertises "a new stock of walking-sticks for gentlemen with carved wooden heads."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Shopper—"Why, all these toys are old." Shopkeeper—"Yes, madam, but then you know most of the babies are new."—Vogue.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; that is to say, the druggist is likely to charge just as much for it.—Puck.

When a man claims that grip is only a vagary of a deserted brain, it is pretty safe to bet he has never had it.—Philadelphia Record.

A Chicago man who had just surrendered his watch to a foot pad, was moved to remark that he didn't know when he had been so pressed for time.—Washington Star.

The doctrine of heredity is a comforting theory. It is so pleasant, you know, to be able to lay our faults and foolishnesses on our forefathers.—Boston Transcript.

Traveler in Missouri—"I want to find the conductor. Who has charge of this train?" Trainman—"Can't tell till after we pass the next strip o' woods."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"Do you believe that practice always makes perfect?" "No; it hasn't made anything but a row ever since that idiot upstairs commenced with his flute."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Byers—"What was your idea in getting vaccinated on your rheumatic arm?" Seller—"Economy of pain. It couldn't make the arm hurt worse than it did already."—Chicago Tribune.

Charlie Sniffers (out with Dollie Dimple)—"Pardon me for bowing to that shabby old codger, but I feel obliged to do it." Dollie—"Who is he, Charlie?" Charlie—"He is the head of our firm."—Spere Moments.

Nell—"How do you know she is in love with Jack?" Belle—"Because she told me he was peerfectly horrid, and if she were in my place she wouldn't have anything to do with him."—Philadelphia Record.

Footman—"Say, Jeems, what would we do if we found a pocketbook with $20,000 that the boss had left in the carriage?" Coachman—"Do? We wouldn't do nothing at all. We'd live on our income."—Texas Siftings.

Customer—"Why is it you charge as much for a six-pound pig as you do for a sixteen-pound pig?" Butcher—"The smaller the pig, mum, the worse it hurts us to kill it. Got to chargo somethin' fur our feelin's, mum."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Seare—"Jack Marblehead gave me a great reception yesterday. He has a cannon on his yacht and when I came on board he fired a salute of ever so many guns—forty-nine, I think it was." Miss Smarte—"One for every year of your age, I suppose."—Vogue.